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One of DUNKERLEY & FRANK'S Beautifully-finished Umbrella's, on Fox's Celebrated Frames, retail at Manufacturers' Prices, at 7, Swan Street, Manchester.



LONDON, 1862.

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"VOWEL" WASHING, WRINGING, & MANGLING MACHINES,

Are the Most Useful, Durable, and Permanently Satisfactory.



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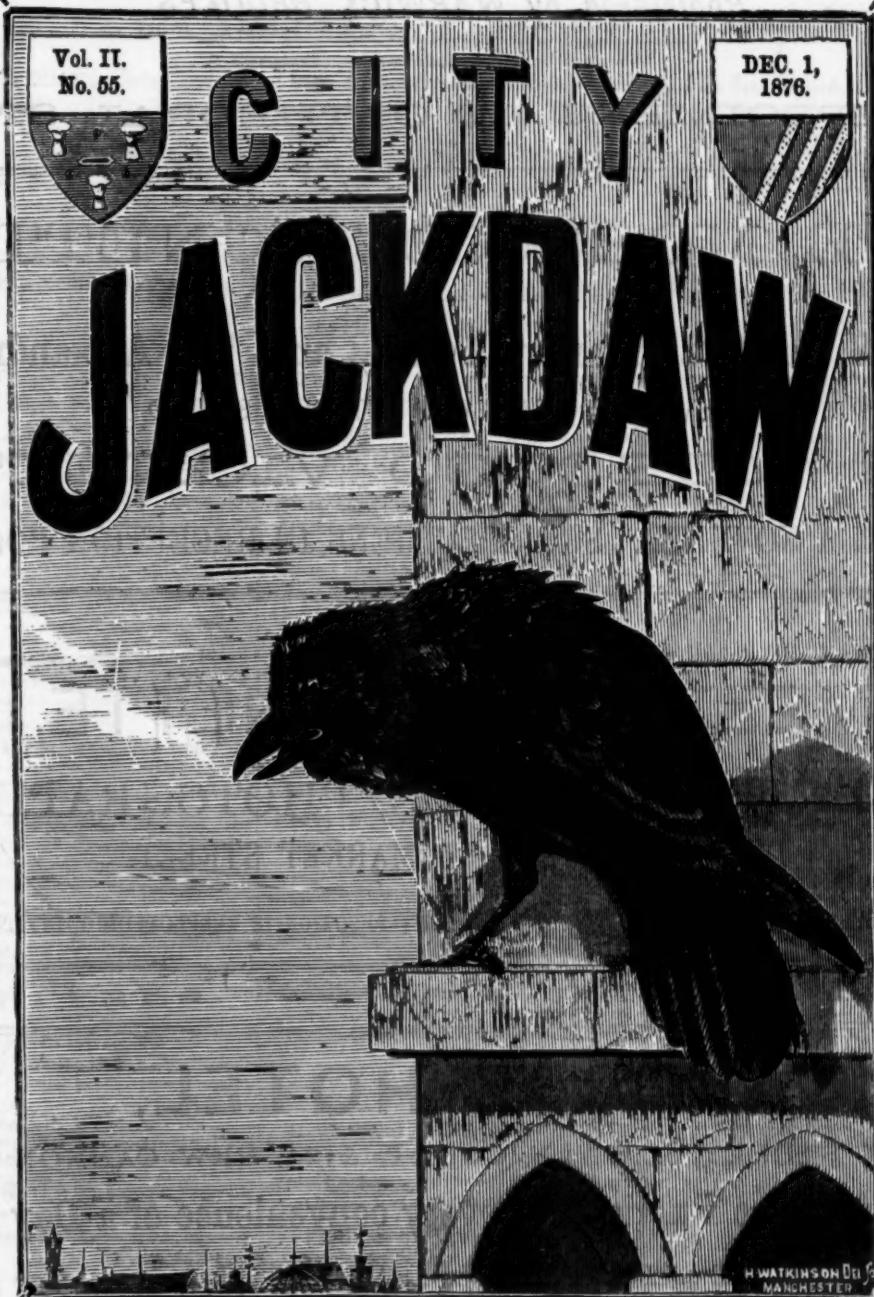
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CATHEDRAL STEPS, AND CRESCENT IRONWORKS, SALFORD.

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SEVENTY-NINE YEARS.
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Gold Guards, Alberts, Rings, Brooches, Earrings, Lockets, &c. Silver and Electro-Silver.

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SEE SPECIMENS AT CATHEDRAL STEPS.

THE MOROCCO VIGNETTE.

R. BANKS, of 73a, Market Street, and 73, Alexandra Road,
HAS JUST INTRODUCED INTO HIS STUDIO

THE MOROCCO VIGNETTE,
QUITE A NOVELTY. SEE SPECIMENS IN RECEPTION ROOM.

MEZZOTINT VIGNETTE.

WILLIAM HELLAWELL, PHOTOGRAPHER,
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AN INSPECTION IS RESPECTFULLY INVITED.

ARCADE HOTEL,

65, MARKET STREET, 2, SWAN COURT, & 24, NEW CANNON STREET.

Now Open to the Public with every convenience of a Day Hotel.

DINNERS FROM 12 TILL 8.

Cold Meats, Chops, Steaks, &c., at any hour. Wines, Spirits, Ales, Stouts, Cigars, &c., of the Best Quality.

N.B.—A large and commodious SMOKE ROOM, fitted up with every convenience.

WILSON STREET CARRIAGE WORKS,

STOCKPORT ROAD, ARDWICK, MANCHESTER.

JOSEPH SHAW,

Late FOREMAN to MESSRS. COCKSHOOT & CO., begs most respectfully to inform the public that he has taken the above Works and intends to carry on the business of

CARRIAGE BUILDER

IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.

Having been upwards of twenty years with MESSRS. COCKSHOOT & CO., most of which time he has had the Management of the Carriage Department, he feels confident that any orders entrusted to his care will give that satisfaction which will secure continued patronage.

ESTIMATES FOR REPAIRS, &c., GIVEN.

CHRISTMAS FRUIT:

We are prepared to offer a large stock of American Apples, Baldwins, Greenings, and choice selected Newtown Pippins, for family use and presents. Apply,
EDWARD FARBRAND & CO.
46, SWAN STREET.

WALKER'S Pure INFANTS' RUSKS are highly nutritious, being made of the very finest materials, and are guaranteed perfectly pure from all adulteration, or from any substance whatever that could possibly interfere with even the weakest digestion; and as they are mixed by machinery instead of by hand labour, they have also the great advantage of perfect cleanliness, which to the delicate stomach of an infant must be of such immense importance.

HENRY WALKER,
Steam Bakery, 54, Rusholme Road, Manchester.

OYSTERS! OYSTERS! OYSTERS!

Large arrival of DUTCH NATIVES twice a week. Also their far-famed FLEETWOOD OYSTERS for cooking or eating. Hotels, restaurants, and families supplied, from 1s. 8d. per score. Large AMERICAN OYSTERS always on hand. Note the address—

KENNEDY, LITTLE, & CO.,
8, VICTORIA MARKET, MANCHESTER.

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JOHN O'BRIEN,

The only practical Billiard Table Manufacturer in Manchester, respectfully invites INSPECTION OF HIS STOCK OF BILLIARD TABLES, which is now the largest and most superb in the kingdom, all made under his own personal inspection. Sole Maker of the IMPROVED FAST CUSHION; that will never become hard.

Globe Billiard Works, 42, Lower King St

Established Twenty-two Years.—Under New Management.

200, OXFORD ROAD, opposite Owens College.

F. RAWCLIFFE (late William Marshall),
GENERAL & FURNISHING IRONMONGER,
AUTHORISED GASFITTER, LOCKSMITH, BELLHANGER.
Efficient workmen always ready.

REPAIRS OF ALL KINDS PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.
A trial solicited.

C. HALL, Cigar Manufacturer and Importer,

C Office—44, BRIDGE STREET. **C**
I C. H. is now manufacturing a speciality for **I**
G Christmas presentation, and will be glad to see **G**
A all his customers on the 22nd December, when **A**
R he will have great pleasure in presenting each **R**
S with a box of the above. **S**

EARDLEY, HAT MANUFACTURER,
22, Bridge-street, and 217, Stratford Road.

SILK AND FELT HATS,
Newest shapes and best value.
IMPORTER OF FRENCH FELTS.

Works—22, Bridge-street.

W. HODGSON,
THE PEOPLE'S BUTCHER,
117, STRETSTFORD ROAD,

Next to Trinity Church,

Having tried the credit system for twenty years, purposes to sell for cash at the following prices:—

BEEF.	MUTTON.
Rounds, Ribs, and Sirloins	9d.
Top Ribs	8d.
Neck Veins	5d.
Legs and Loins	9d.
Shoulders	8d.
Necks	7d.
Breasts	5d.

NORTH OF ENGLAND
Co-operative Printing Society

LIMITED,
OFFICE: 17, BALLOON STREET,
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Works: New Mount Street, Manchester; and 40, Highbridge, Newcastle.

PRINTERS, STATIONERS, BOOKBINDERS,
Machine Rulers, Account-book Manufacturers
LITHOGRAPHERS, ENGRAVERS, ETC.

The above firm have special facilities for the execution of all orders in Bookwork, Pamphlets, Catalogues, and all kinds of Commercial Printing.

JOHN HARDMAN, Manager.

WINDOW TABLETS.

CLOTH BANNERS, with PAPER LETTERS, any size, for showrooms, &c.

Address—6, King Street, Patricroft; and 90, Shoe Lane, Fleet-street, London, E.C.

HATS. HATS. HATS.

FOR STYLE AND ECONOMY,
GO TO WHILE'S'S,
248, ROCHDALE ROAD.

T. STENSBY,
GUN & PISTOL MAKER,
11, HANGING DITCH.

ESTABLISHED 1810.

TYROLEAN MUSICAL BOX, 2s. Eight tunes, post-free, 27 stamps; size, 7½ by 2½ inches. The eight tunes may be selected from the following—Hold the fort; Sun of my soul; Thy will be done; Safe in the arms of Jesus; Ring the bell; watchman; Last rose of summer; Meet me in the lane, love; Watching for pa; Madame Angot; Danube waltz; Legend Madame Angot; Irish jig; Mousetrap man; Tommy, make room for your uncle; Oh my, fie for shame; Perhaps she's on the railway; Run 'em in; Hoop la. Agents will find this marvellous Centennial novelty well and afford delighted customers unbounded satisfaction. A sample instrument, free by parcel-post, 27 stamps. M. HOLT, 2, Bude Place, Tower Road, Aston, Birmingham.

NEW PHOTOGRAPHIC STUDIO.

McLEOD & CALDWELL,
PHOTOGRAPHERS,
77, OLDHAM STREET, MANCHESTER.
UNEQUALLED CARTES-DE-VISITE, 5s. PER DOZEN.

See specimens before going elsewhere.
N.B.—All Pictures taken by one of the Principals. Parties favouring us with their patronage can depend on having first-class work.

77, Oldham Street, corner of Hilton Street.

W. BATTY & SON,
High-class Watch Manufacturers, Goldsmiths and Silversmiths, &c.,
9, MARKET STREET, MANCHESTER.

SPECIALITIES IN GEM BETROTHAL RINGS. SPECIALITIES IN WEDDING AND ANNIVERSARY PRESENTS.

ESTABLISHED 1825.

THOMAS ARMSTRONG & BROTHER,
OPTICIANS TO THE ROYAL EYE HOSPITAL,
88 & 90, DEANSGATE, MANCHESTER.

NOTICE.

THOMPSON'S SALE! THOMPSON'S SALE!

HOSIER, GLOVER, AND SHIRT MAKER,
15, ST. ANN STREET.

EXPIRATION OF LEASE! PREMISES TO COME DOWN!

**Can Economy of Fuel be combined with the Perfect Combustion or
 Prevention of Smoke?**

WE reply yes, by combining two systems, not otherwise. After five years' experience, with continual trials, our PATENT MECHANICAL STOKER, of which there are 1250 at work, has proved itself economical; and since the prevention of smoke has become of importance, we have introduced by far the most simple, durable, and easily-worked self-cleaning bars in existence.

For £65 we supply these bars, with hopper to put the coal in, forming a perfectly simple and smoke-preventing self-acting furnace.

But self-cleaning bars alone will not produce an appreciable economy, so that there is no return for the outlay except the saving in labour.

But our HENDERSON STOKER AND SELF-CLEANING BARS COMBINED not only save labour, prevent the smoke being produced, save the expansion and contraction of the boiler plates from irregular firing, but what is of equal immediate importance, produces a saving of from £50 to £100 a year on each boiler fitted. We are unaware of any other stoker which has been proved to increase the amount of work a boiler can do. We have, however, many cases where, as at the Wigan Coal and Iron Company, two boilers do the work formerly done with difficulty by three.

THE MECHANICAL STOKER COMPANY,
37, HANOVER STREET, LIVERPOOL.

THE CITY JACKDAW:

A Humorous and Satirical Journal.

VOL. II.—No. 55.

MANCHESTER: FRIDAY, DECEMBER 1, 1876.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.

CAWS OF THE WEEK.

HAPPILY, by reason of the inherent good that is in human nature, the hatefulness of the pew system is rarely exhibited in the repulsive and conspicuous form in which it might have been seen at St. Matthias's Church, Salford, last Sunday evening. The congregation of St. Matthias's being unable to pay its own way, the Bishop of Manchester consented on this occasion to preach a begging sermon on behalf of the expenses of the wardens, who were deficient by about £50 on the year's accounts. Outsiders were invited to attend without concealment of the hope that by liberal contributions they would swell the collection. In these circumstances it might have been expected that exceptional courtesy might have been shown to strangers in the belief that some of them, at least, might have been found subscribers unawares. This is what happened. There was, of course, a crowded congregation, as there always is when the Bishop preaches. The churchwardens, sidesmen, and apparitors did all they could to find places for the unwonted congregation. Nothing could exceed their courtesy or carefulness. They reserved certain seats for the late-comers of their own fold as long as it was possible. But at the last moment, when the church-bell was furiously ringing forth in rapid notes its last clangorous summons to come to meeting, a bevy of stout, good-humoured looking ladies, fresh from tea, and full of fuss, march down the aisle. They make a dead-set at one of the pews, which is already filled, and call the apparitor to turn out the dismayed occupants. It is, to be sure, one of the best pews in the church, and has probably been selected by the ladies, who could afford to pay for it, because it so splendidly commands the pulpit and the organ-loft. If these fussy proprietors or tenants-at-will in St. Matthias's Church had chosen to come in fair good time they would have found their seats reserved for them quite as carefully as if they had been booked places in the front row at the Prince's Theatre. But this would have been a poor privilege in return for the few shillings they yearly advance that they may worship in comfort. Being proprietors or tenants-at-will, they had bargained for the right, in defiance of all order and decency, to disturb the congregation on the very eve of prayers.

The men who were thus unceremoniously dislodged from seats which were none of their own choosing, and in which they had been quite properly placed, were apparently of the class of respectable warehousemen or clerks between thirty and forty years of age. Suppose that they had been attracted to church for the first time after some long interval to hear the Bishop in the first instance, how soon, after such treatment, were they likely to darken a church-door again?

The Bishop preached a very plain-spoken discourse, whose searching home-truths were sometimes barbed with a biting humour, such as might qualify him as a satirical journalist. For example, speaking of one of the beatitudes, he said he had come to the conviction that very many people had no desire to see God—there were so few who aimed at purity of heart. Some of the preacher's illustrations under this head were so strong as to be unfit for publication in the chaste and sober columns of a daily newspaper, and this is probably the reason why no report of the sermon appeared in Monday's *Guardian* or *Examiner*.

With respect to this service at St. Matthias's, I have since heard a good story at the expense of Hal-o'-the-Wynd. Hal is no great lover of bishops

or wardens in themselves, but is nevertheless powerfully attracted by the preaching of Dr. Fraser. On this occasion, after getting half way to the church, he discovered that his pockets contained no coin but a suspicious weight of coppers. He sought to borrow a threepenny-bit from his companion, but finding that this gentleman had no coin so small, he waived the subject, and resolved to give of such as he had. Now, the Bishop of Manchester is a shameless beggar, and when on the subject of purity of heart he had said what he thought enough, he addressed himself very directly to the main purpose of his visit. Said he, "The sum required is not much—only £50—no difficult matter for eight hundred or nine hundred people to subscribe among them. This is a poor congregation, I know, and I don't expect to find many sovereigns in the box. But neither, I hope, will there be many coppers." At these words, we are ashamed to say, Hal was weak-kneed enough to borrow of his neighbour, and when the plate came round to him, "bang went saxpence!"

A writer to a daily contemporary, infected with a feminine fondness for title-making, has suggested a number of names which might be suitable for the great bell shortly to be swung in the tower of the Town Hall. His preference alternates most provokingly between "Old Humphrey" and "Tim Bobbin." Why not "Sir Joe"?

In the meantime, the Council is likely to be again occupied in a few days with another question of nomenclature, which it has been abortively attempting to settle for the last six months. A round robin is at present circulating, the effect of which will be that at next meeting of the Council a proposal will be made to discard "City Hall," and resume the time-honoured name of Town Hall.

If one could believe everything that is stated in a prospectus, the vested interest in the whiskey trade must be worth a considerable sum. An advertisement which appears in the Manchester papers this week, concerning a new distillery company which some enterprising Manchester philanthropists are seeking to float in Tyrone, is prefaced by the following quotation from the *Kilkenny Journal* :—

"There is not a distillery in Ireland now that does not net at least fifty per cent on its outlay, and on an average it is certain, 'seventy-five; whilst many of the favourite makes, working extensively, clear close on cent per cent."

If to the distiller's profit of cent per cent we add the wholesale dealer's commission and the retail dealer's revenue, to say nothing of the share of the spoil exacted by the Excise, it must be apparent that the hapless consumer is a pretty general benefactor before he is permitted by the free use of Irish spirit, concocted under the most approved recipe of the Mixers' Manual, to rot the coats of his stomach, ruin his liver, and disinherit his wife and children.

Poor David Potter! He must have had a warm time of it for a day or two last week. He wanted to know whether the climate of the South Pole was hot or cold, and so he wrote to the *Guardian* and *Courier*. This was the *Courier's* answer on Wednesday, as we gave it last week :—

"D. P.—The climate of the South Pole is hot. It is in the South Frigid Zone."

Then next day the *Courier* was at him again, thus :—

"D. P.—The answer to your question in our issue of yesterday should have been—It is not hot. Frigid, of course, implies cold."

TEETH EXTRACTED WITHOUT PAIN, by aid of NITROUS OXIDE or LAUGHING GAS, warranted perfectly harmless, by S. J. JORDAIN, Dentist, 53, Piccadilly (opposite the Infirmary). Established twenty-five years.

(Walker defines frigidity as " dulness, want of intellectual fire." For examples, see the columns of the *Courier* any day.) Then, on the following day, the *Guardian* was down upon him in these words:—

" *David Potter*.—It is cold, of course, like that of the opposite Pole."

Not impossibly that contemptuous " of course " had some reference to the answer of the *Courier*. David will do us a favour if he will write to the *Examiner* now, and see what that paper says about the matter. There must be some climate, more or less, at the South Pole, and it will be just as well to have the thing out whilst he is about it.

The following spiritualistic rebuke appears in the *Ashton Reporter* :—

" **NOTICE.**—The Public Meetings for the Investigation of Spiritualism will be Suspended until some of the inhabitants of Ashton can learn Better Behaviour."

What a stupid public it is. Why can't it let the spiritualists alone? They will bring themselves to an end soon—or the police will—unless they " learn better behaviour."

Here is another interesting advertisement from the same paper:—

" **FEEDING BOTTLES.**—Subject of Rev. E. K. Everett's Lecture, Sunday afternoon, Town Hall, Stalybridge, three o'clock. Sankey's hymns."

As a father of a large family of small children, we put it to the Rev. Mr. Everett whether this subject is not more suitable to a night rather than an afternoon discourse. In the afternoon the feeding bottle is comparatively uninteresting, but at night! Now, Mr. Everett, you are a married man, and experienced in the duties of such men, or you have no right to speak of these little matters. Is it not at night that you have most to do with the feeding bottle? Who warms the milk or barley-water in an afternoon? Why, anybody but yourself, of course. You are otherwise, and more profitably and agreeably occupied then. *But who holds the pan over the gas at nights?* Who gropes his way downstairs in the dead of night, shivering in his slippers, and—ahem? Who tumbles over the cat in the cellar, at midnight, in search of milk or Oswego biscuits? Who lets the pipkin fall, and smashes it, because he is only half awake, when he should wakefully and joyfully be attending to his pleasant paternal duties? Who breaks the gas-globe through holding the pipkin too near it? Who cracks the bottle by pouring the food into it boiling hot? And when is all this done? In the afternoon? No, no; you know better. Let us have your lecture—when we men and fathers get ours—at night, Mr. Everett, at night, by all means; and the colder the night, and the darker, the more realistic will your discourse be.

The following advertisement is clipped from the *Manchester Examiner*:

" Comfortable front apartments, with widow, for gentleman dining in town; terms moderate.—18, Trafford Street, Hulme."

What more could a gentleman dining in town require than this? especially as the terms are moderate—and inclusive.

OLD ENGLISH BALLADS.—No. IV.

MANY centuries ago, when people had not found out the expeditious and satisfactory way of adjusting their religious differences which now obtains amongst us, the Deanery of Manchester was filled by a clergyman of the name of Cowie. The student of history will, of course, know that at that time there was still in existence an institution called the Church of England, which was connected in a most curious way with the State, and which was—incredible as it seems to us who live in this advanced age—by a large proportion of the nation, looked upon as one of the chief bulwarks of the Constitution. The movement which centuries ago ended in the overthrow of the Anglican Church, and the re-establishment of Papal authority in England, had already begun at the time the subjoined ballad was written, and the Very Reverend Dean Cowie seems to have been considered as one of the most ardent supporters of the new

movement, then known by the name of " Ritualism," though we have learnt that his Reverence, on account of difficulties interposed by churchwardens and others, was not able to give his sympathies full play. The term " Pothouse Protestants " was originated by Mr. Cowie, and we take it to have been expressive of his contempt for those members of the Church of England who were obliged to go to taverns for their liquor, and could not afford to stay at home and drink port like gentlemen. The ballad printed below was also, we believe, written by the Dean, and is said to have been sung by him at a festive gathering, which was held in honour of the elevation to the Papacy of the Rev. Knox Little, who was at one time a shining light amongst the Ritualists in Manchester.

Ye High Churchmen of England
That guard our ancient sees,
Who've braved for twice a hundred years
The Nonconformist breeze—
Rebellious standard raise again,
The stubborn fit to engage,
And defy and defy
All their Puritan rage;
For the battle waxes stern and strong,
And the Protestants do rage.
With chasuble and incense,
With cope and alb and stole,
Let us play the part of Romans,
Though the angry murmurs roll
Throughout the aisles of the Cathedral
From these Protestantizing fools;
What care we for decree,
Or for any judge's rules,
While there still are people willing
To become our dupes and tools.
The Church is now in danger,
They're crying out anew,
Are these rabid Pothouse Protestants—
A persecuting crew.
But the blessings of Pope Pius
Shall sustain us in the fight,
While we sweep to the deep,
To the limbo of the night,
Every relic of the times in which
These Protestants delight.
The Ritualists of England
Shall yet victorious reign;
The Pope once more shall be supreme,
Shall have his own again.
Then, then, my loyal brethren
Shall a song of triumph raise,
While we sweep to the deep
All that's sacred in their eyes,
The ruins of the ancient Church
We swear to love and prize.

THE SPORTING PROSPECTS OF MANCHESTER.

IN an article last week, our contemporary the *Sporting Chronicle* congratulated its readers on the fact that a fifth annual race meeting had been inaugurated in Manchester. This is naturally a matter of congratulation for a certain class of people. It is a most desirable thing from the point of view of roughs, male and female, rogues, vagabonds, thieves, sharpers, and betting-men. There may also be cause for congratulating a few owners and breeders of horses, but beyond this congratulation must stop, and condolence step in. It is a matter of common notoriety that the Manchester racecourse is second to none in the kingdom for its capacity of attracting blackguardism of the worst class. No descriptive report could do proper justice to the aspect and demeanour of the great majority of the crowd which assembled on the course last week to inaugurate the " new meeting " which a few enterprising spirits have established. Respectable people, who never could have a notion of such scenes in their worst features, were able to form some idea of what a race meeting in Manchester means by observing the hideous and debauched scramble which, beginning at the bottom of Market Street, rendered the road to the course only too conspicuous. The *Sporting Chronicle*, as well as other newspapers not especially devoted to " sport,"

was able to congratulate the promoters of the meeting on the success of all the arrangements. This congratulation was doubtless earned, for a more perfect gathering of rogues, vagabonds, and swindlers was probably never organized either in or out of Manchester. When will the law, which recognises the evil of such assemblages, be able or willing to stamp them out? Could some magician inform us how much of the money which changed hands last week on the different events was honestly acquired in the first instance, and how many of the races were devoid of swindling, the information would be useful and valuable. At present the firm conviction remains with us that the only spark of honesty connected with the whole affair must be credited to the horses." Even they, as we are sometimes told in sporting phraseology, are occasionally affected by the general taint.

REJECTED CONTRIBUTION.

AIR.—If you think the following Lines are Worth a Place in Your Paper, you will oblige the writer by giving them insertion.—Your, &c.

ARCTIC COAL.

WHAT a Seim of coal
So neer the Pole;
Could they not use it to have Reach'd their goal,
And boil themselves along
Mongst thick rib'd ice?
They'd find it nice,
And Cheap as an old song.

To me it Seams
Our Mother means
These thick coal veins
A Recompense to Jack
For all he's done—
No Moon, no Sun
To Cheer him coming back.

How Nice the glare
Of a coal fire there!
And the Bears all Scare
At the invation;
The fishes would then
Come and look at our men
If the ice was boil'd down to the Point of notation.

They might easy have guessed
That this was no jest,
But a Seim of the best
Wallsend or oldham,
By dame nature Plant'd;
She knew what was wanted,
And So the hint's lost, though Plainly She told 'em.

If Ever again
They send o'er the main
Brave tars to be Slain
On the Veirge of Creation,
Let them look, ere they go,
Underneath, down below,
Deep in the bowels of Earth at their Station.

Yes, deep in the bowels,
Without soap or towels,
But true as Steel trowels
You'll find our brave Miners,
If they'll Ship some of these in,
Get the Coal, Stop it freezin',
Then Send them Rejoicing well loaded with Shiners. W. M.

POOR-LAW GUARDIANS AND THEIR REPASTS.

THE question with us is not whether a luncheon provided at half a guinea a head should include wines, but whether ten shillings and sixpence is not an exorbitant price for the ratepayers to expend on one day's luncheon for a poor-law guardian. The former question, however, is the one that came before the county court last week, and it is by this case that a few remarks are suggested. Poor-law guardians must in the nature of things be credited, we should think, with some knowledge of statistics, especially in the matter of eating and drinking. We have occasion to notice from time to time that they are excessively sharp in such matters in their dealings with paupers. Are the poor-law guardians

of Manchester and elsewhere aware that for the maximum price of three shillings and sixpence per head there are many respectable hotel-keepers who will supply an excellent dinner, consisting of soup, fish, meat, entrees, vegetables, etc.? Are they aware how much a pauper's dinner costs every day? It was in connection with a conference of poor-law guardians that the legal squabble arose, and it is possible that every member paid his own shot, in which case we should be justified in saying nothing; but until we are assured that the expensive luncheon was not paid for out of the rates, we shall stick to our conjecture—that the ratepayers' pockets were taxed to pay for it. It seems to us that when a conference of poor-law guardians meet, and consume luncheon to the extent of ten shillings and sixpence per man, the luncheon must have been the most important part of the proceedings. Supposing, for a moment, the persons entertained to have been paupers, and calculating the current price of provisions, we find that an excellent and abundant meal might have been provided for sixty persons at a cost of about £7. 15s., as the rough calculation beneath will show.

50lbs. meat, at 1s. per lb.	£2 10 0
Bread, fifteen loaves at 6d.	0 7 6
Vegetables, etc.	0 7 6
Beer, sixty quarts at 6d.	1 10 0
Cooking, etc.	1 0 0
Landlord's profit	2 0 0
 Total.	£7 15 0

The above estimate is drawn up, as any one will perceive, on a very liberal scale; but the guardians' bill, the items of which, though squabbled over, were arranged beforehand, is on a still more liberal one.

To lunching sixty poor-law guardians, at
10s. 6d. per head £81 10 0

As there was also a squabble about the number present at lunch, we have, for convenience' sake, put in imaginary figures, but this point is immaterial. We would ask whether the imaginary bill of fare first given is not a reasonable one for the luncheon even of poor-law guardians? And we are quite sure that there are thousands of people who would be glad to lunch, as well as this, at the public expense.

A CLERICAL SCANDALIZER.

THE crowd of persons who assembled in the church at Livesey, in order to witness anything new in the way of scandal which the Rev. Perfect Bell might provide for them, furnishes a significant sign of the times. Be it at theatre or church, nowadays people require sensation, and the managers both of stage and pulpit take care that sensation shall be provided. What it was that the assembled audience at Livesey expected Mr. Bell to do, or not to do, is not quite apparent. It was quite enough that there was "a scandal on." Mr. Bell, about whom many paragraphs have from time to time appeared, was expected to be the provider of the scandal, and the audience were hugely disappointed when the reverend gentleman conducted himself decently. Various breaches of discipline by Mr. Bell had induced the Bishop, first of all, to ask him to resign, and afterwards to inhibit him from performing. One of the spiciest bits of attraction last Sunday, therefore, was whether Mr. Bell would commit himself still further by disobeying his Bishop. Mr. Bell did disobey the Bishop, as far as conducting the service was concerned, but otherwise there was no scene, and no scandal, much to the disappointment of the audience. The mere fact, however, that a church should be abnormally crammed because the clergyman in charge is in the habit of misbehaving himself is not a creditable one to what we call our religion. If a bricklayer misbehaves himself he gets ignominiously locked up, if any notice at all is taken of his doings; but when a person behaves disgracefully he becomes a lion, and people run after him to have a look at him. Mr. Perfect Bell and his fellow-scandalizers in the church are the persons who furnish the advocates of disestablishment with their most telling arguments. Under a voluntary system, Mr. Bell and his scandals would long ago have been relegated to private life, and possibly to the policeman.

LAIRITZ'S FIR WOOL OIL.—The MARCHIONESS of WESTMINSTER bears testimony to the great efficacy of Lairitz's Fir Wool Oil. For the cure of Rheumatism, Tic, Neuralgia, etc. Sold by L. BEAVER, 87, Cross Street, Manchester, and all chemists, in bottles from 1s. 1d. upwards.



AMUSEMENTS.

PRINCE'S.—MONDAY, DECEMBER 4th, LAST SIX NIGHTS OF
MR. J. JEFFERSON as RIP VAN WINKLE.

COOKE'S ROYAL CIRCUS, PETER STREET, MANCHESTER.
Open Every Evening at Seven, commencing at Half-past Seven.
GRAND ILLUMINATED DAY PERFORMANCES EVERY TUESDAY & SATURDAY,
Doors open at Two, commencing at Half-past Two.
The Great Equestrians; the Marvelous Leapers; Air Divers; Performing Dogs; Equestrian Scenes; the Greatest Novelty now before the public—the Riding Goat; and the Best-trained Horses in Europe.

THE ANNUAL EXHIBITION of Selected High-class WATER-COLOUR DRAWINGS is NOW OPEN at Messrs. THOMAS AGNEW & SONS', EXCHANGE STREET GALLERIES. In dark weather the galleries are illuminated by gas. Admission (including catalogue), one shilling.

NATIONAL REFORM UNION.—The ANNUAL MEETING of the General Council will be held at the Town Hall, Manchester, on Wednesday, December 18th, at Two p.m.
A PUBLIC MEETING will be held in the Free-trade Hall in the Evening; chair to be taken at half-past seven.—By order, ARTHUR G. SYMONDS, Secretary.

ONE HALFPENNY WEEKLY.—On Saturday, December 2, will appear JOSHUA'S HAWPENNY JOURNAL. A new and original story, entitled "FAMILY LINKS," by Cheesewhaster, author of "Sisterday noot; or, Josha, thou'rt fuddlet agen;" "Sunday mornin';" and other Lancashire pieces. The Journal will also contain other interesting matter. May be had of G. Remshaw, Bellhouse Street, all newsagents and street boys. Published by John Haywood, Dunsgate, Manchester.

THE DIRECTORS of the CHURCHTOWN MUSEUM, SOUTHPORT, having purchased the Prize Case of SKELETON LEAVES, FLOWERS, SEED VESSELS, and FERNS, Lately Exhibited at the Crystal Palace, London, by Mrs. Hodgkins, of Hyde Grove, Manchester, No Visitor should omit seeing what is so worthy of attention, both from a scientific and an artistic point of view.

OLD CHINA, BRONZES, &c.—MESSRS. GRUNDY & SMITH invite Inspection of a Collection of OBJECTS D'ART AND DECORATION.
This very carefully-selected collection of WORKS OF ART comprises Bronzes, Porphyry, &c. Choice Specimens of SEVRES, And a Remarkable Assemblage of ORIENTAL CERAMIC WARES, Which has been formed for Exhibition, and is NOW OPEN, for a limited period, from Ten to Four o'clock. Admission on presentation of card.

SCIENCE LECTURES FOR THE PEOPLE.—EIGHTH SERIES, in the New, More Central, and Spacious LECTURE HALL of the Young Men's Christian Association, PETER STREET, as follows:—
Tuesday, December 5 (second lecture), and Tuesday, December 12, A COURSE OF THREE LECTURES by Professor W. C. WILLIAMSON, F.R.S. Subject: "Life on the earth." Doors open at seven o'clock, the lectures commencing at eight. Subscribers' tickets for the series, numbered and reserved, are now ready, and may be had from the undersigned, One Guinea each.
57, King Street, Manchester, October 2, 1875. JOSEPH LUNT.

WHAT FOLKS ARE SAYING.

THAT when Mr. Bright read the Home Secretary's suggestion, that the constituency of Birmingham should return a minority member in the Tory interest, he looked Cross.

That before advertising Llandudno as a winter residence, he must have been visiting Puffin Island.

That the Rev. Perfect Bell, of Livesey, is apparently cracked.

That the Bishop has for once forgotten St. Paul's motto, "All things to all men," in Mr. Bell's case.

That when accused of this, the Bishop said, "That's all very well, but there were no Orangemen for St. Paul to hate."

That the judges of assize were unable to go to the races, but backed all the winners—bar one.

That the Queen's counsel would have liked to have sported silk on the occasion.

That Mr. Ambrose, Q.C., ought to take an early opportunity of informing Mr. Justice Lindley that he was the founder of that magnificent Manchester institution, the Conservative Working Men's Association.

That probably the learned judge might have taken a hint, and joined the Manchester Junior Conservative Club—members being scarce.

That Captain Torrens, in his report of "a year's crime in Salford," has altogether omitted to state how many cases have occurred of cooks stealing cold mutton—for the supper of members of the police force.

That the Manchester City Coroner is carrying out his office in an eccentric manner, and an old Scotchman has been heard to say that he has summoned a jury to hold an inquest on "a body comin' thro' the rye."

That if the exhumations by order of the coroner go on, we shouldn't be surprised to see a rye-ot among the ghosts of the departed.

That all Manchester would set apart a day of special thanksgiving if there was the slightest ground for applying to the Home Secretary for an order to exhume the coroner.

That Mr. Jacob Bright quoted scripture at the Women's Suffrage meeting on Wednesday.

That the text he quoted was, "Am I my brother's keeper?"

That Miss Becker thought that he ought to have been.

ASSIZE JOTTINGS.

IT is not often that the same judge visits us at two succeeding assizes, but this coincidence has happened this year. And not only is Mr. Justice Lindley again here, but he presides over the same court as he did at the last assizes. We had, however, some experience of him as a judge of criminal business, for the novelty occurred of both courts commencing with the trials of prisoners. When his lordship was last here we suggested that he might with advantage restrain the prolixity of a prolix bar, and this is still true of him with regard to the business proper of Nisi Prius Court; but as regards criminal business, his great patience becomes a virtue, particularly when, as on Monday and Tuesday, a life and death issue was being investigated.

The Crown Court was ably presided over on Monday by a new judge, Mr. Justice Lopes. On Tuesday he was absent, and his place was taken by Mr. Commissioner West, Q.C.; and on Wednesday the learned judge returned again, but he was no longer plain Mr. Justice Lopes. In the meantime he had gained another title, for his absence had been occasioned by a visit to Windsor, where her Majesty had created some new knights, and Mr. Lopes was amongst them. His lordship promises to make an excellent judge, and also a pleasant one.

The incidents of the first few days were few and trivial. Public interest centred in the murders, and apart from them the proceedings of the court have been exceedingly dull. The first half of Tuesday was made rather lively, in the Crown Court, by an eccentric foreman and a queer jury, who acquitted a man, charged with sacrilege at a Jewish synagogue, on evidence which to the mind of the majority of people in court was clear and conclusive. It was amusing to see the look of astonishment and gratification with which the prisoner received his deliverance, and to hear the quiet snub administered to the jury by Mr. Commissioner West in a few words addressed to the prisoner. "You seem very much surprised," remarked his lordship, "and I don't wonder at it. The next case." It was afterwards whispered about the court that the prisoner had disclosed to an official the way in which he actually committed the burglary. After luncheon, the foreman of this jury disappeared mysteriously, as did also one of his fellow-jurors; and not impossibly the learned Commissioner, when he fined them forty shillings each, did so without regret.

"Gloria," 8 for 2s 6d. Best Havanna Cigars—really choice. Smokers' Requisites of every

Considering the class of men who usually compose common juries, it is often surprising to hear counsel addressing language to them which is far above their capacity, and which is only fitted for the ears of persons who have gone through a long course of education in the daily reading of the dialect of the *Daily Telegraph*. During the progress of a case in the Crown Court, the other day, Mr. Cottingham, amongst other "sesquipedalian" words, gave the jury these two to think over—"obmobilized" and "segregated;" and in the same case one of the witnesses spoke of "exacerbation." Add to these Mr. Charley's after-dinner "pachydermatous," and then imagine Mr. E. A. Freeman's feelings if he could only hear them.

THE EMU.

[BY A LOVER OF NATURE.]

HIS bird is in Australia found,
It runs along upon the ground;
Its wings are useless to it, so
It has no other way to go.

Its legs are long, its wings are small,
It might as well have none at all;
At least, as far as I can see,
Which isn't far, 'twixt you and me.

Now, why an emu has such wings
I do not know, but these are things
On which 'tis useless to inquire—
Just look at Nature and admire.

There must have been a reason for
The wings to emus furnished, or
They would have had a different sort—
Dame Nature's always right, in short.

It runs about, and feeds on herbs,
But nought its feeding power disturbs;
For want of herbs it makes no bones
Of eating pebbles, sand, and stones.

A friend once told me of the bird
A tale, which I must deem absurd;
"They'll swallow nails of iron and copper,"
Says he; says I, "Come, that's a whopper."

Says he, "I know they do;" says I,
"You cannot hoax me, though you try;
A truthful man I can't esteem you,
You're telling lies about that emu."

Says he, "My friend, too wise I deem you
To quarrel with me for an emu,
It does not matter what it eats;"
Tis thus my pardon he entreats.

Says I, "However I esteem you,
I can't believe about the emu,
But never mind, we'll still be friends;"
And thus the little squabble ends.

THE THEATRES.

THOSE who did not see Miss Rosina Vokes, as Nan, in Buckstone's comedy of "Good for Nothing," missed a genuine laugh, for although more boisterous than Miss Marie Wilton, this young lady possesses a flow of natural fun and high spirits which fitted the part to perfection, and made the performance quite unique. The change from the Vokes family to Mr. Jefferson is not an easy, though in some respects a welcome one. Although we do not altogether approve of the system of "return visits," as tending somewhat to monotony and barrenness, of which there is always too much on our local stage, we are still always glad to see Mr. Jefferson in "Rip Van Winkle." The cast is the same as that on a former occasion, so that no further remarks are necessary.

"Pygmalion and Galatea," which is now being produced at the Royal, is not and never will be a play understood of the vulgar. It is full of delicate touches of that kind of humour which is above the head of the

ordinary playgoer. Hence the piece will never be popular in the broader sense of the term. Miss Rose Leclercq has made for herself a reputation in the part of Galatea, which is by no means a difficult one for an actress possessing the appropriate *physique* and necessary self-possession. Miss Leclercq possesses these qualifications, and especially the personal gifts alluded to, in a marked degree; hence the lady's success. That her Galatea is the best we have seen it would be treason to the fair creatrix of the part to allow, but it is intensely clever, thoroughly enjoyable throughout, and at times touchingly pathetic. The play is well put on the stage, and there is no lack of ability on the part of the other performers, so that the whole is very pleasing. Mr. Buchanan's Pygmalion is an excellent impersonation, and his elocution is specially commendable. A critic in a contemporary has called attention to a peculiar tremolo in Miss Minnie Harford's voice, which mars the firmness of her presentation of Cynisca, a performance in other respects admirable. We concur in the caution he gives her. The rippling sweetness of the voice which attracted so much at first, is in danger of being honeyed into a tiresome cadenza which is apt to surfeit. Mr. T. F. Doyle, one of the most useful, versatile, and conscientious actors engaged in Manchester, again distinguishes himself as Chrysos, though his suggestions of Buckstone are perhaps unduly obvious. An amusing after-piece, called "Slate Pencillings," brings the performance to a close. It is, as its name suggests, intended as a burlesque on certain widespread absurdities of the day, and though as a burlesque it is rather broad, it serves its purpose by raising a smile.

The cast in Mr. Halliday's adapted drama of "Rebecca," at the Queen's, is a new one. Mr. Herwyn, whose make-up is something to be noted, takes the part of Isaac of York. It is well known that this gentleman is ready to take all sorts of characters at a moment's notice, that whatever he undertakes to do he does with intelligence and pains. On the present occasion he is somewhat overweighted, but his efforts to please are evidently appreciated. Miss Annie Willmott, as Rebecca, does not succeed in displaying her undoubted abilities to any great advantage, chiefly because the adapter has made the part a mawkish and absurd one. Miss Seddon, whose name is unfamiliar to us, plays the part of Lady Rowena with grace and spirit. Miss Clara Lisle's Ulrica is clever, while Mr. S. Fisher does some justice to Wilfred of Ivanhoe. The equestrian part of the business has been wisely entrusted by the management to professional riders on this occasion.

In Memoriam.

ELKANAH ARMITAGE, born Sept. 6th, 1794, died Nov. 25th, 1876.

T does not fall to every man
To snatch from troublous time repute,
Outlive the bad, enshrine the good,
Through more than life's allotted span,
And see adorned with glorious fruit
The barren soil where once he stood.

That soil, indeed, was barren, save
For here and there a noisome weed;
And his no art, save earnest will;
We sigh, and turn us from the grave,
And deem, perchance, his spirit freed
An earnest, active spirit still.

Success in life, a tear in death,
Are little things to mark his worth,
Yet rarely are the twain combined;
The friends who watched his latest breath,
The country broad that gave him birth,
In mournful unison we find.

Too weak the muse to sing a steadfast life—
An unobtrusive, yet a bright career!
Go, muse! give up the task! his memory sings.
Passed is the effort, passed the eager strife,
Passed all, save here a sigh, and there a tear;
Let words give way, and Nature touch the strings.

ART COLLECTION IN EXCHANGE STREET.

COLLECTORS will be interested in visiting an exhibition which is now on view at Messrs. Grundy and Smith's, in this city. The principal feature is a number of specimens of old Nankin china work. The invention by which this work was executed is of Persian origin, and all the skill of modern times is unable to imitate the effect produced. There are several specimens of the perforated Nankin ware, its peculiarity being that the inner cup, as well as the perforations, are perfected in the same baking, a feat which has never been accomplished in modern pottery. How the enamel was put on under these circumstances will probably remain a secret for ever. Imitations of this kind of work are made, but are easily detected by the "joins" which are apparent in the inside of the vessel. The collection also includes some unique and grotesque Japanese work, and a valuable cabinet in Venetian work, inlaid with ivory, the ivory being etched with portraits of the children of Charles the First; the date of the cabinet is 1641. There are also two or three clocks, with interesting stories attached to them; and the whole collection evidences much taste and research on the part of the exhibitors.

SABBATARIANISM AT DARWEN.

Holy Trinity Infant School, Darwen, May 27th, 1876.
The Managers of Holy Trinity Schools.

Gentlemen.—At the Rev. R. Mayall's request, I write you with reference to teaching in the Sunday-school both morning and afternoon. I am quite willing as heretofore to take charge of a class on Sunday afternoons, but I do not think it advisable to engage to teach on Sunday mornings also. I feel the necessity of regarding at least a portion of Sunday as a day of rest; for I must ask you to consider that teaching all day on Sunday must become irksome when undertaken after teaching throughout the week. Indeed, I am sure it would be hurtful to me to teach more than half a day on the Sunday, and unfit me for doing my duty to the scholars throughout the week. For these reasons I must respectfully decline teaching more than half a day on Sundays.—Yours respectfully,

E. V. SANDFORD.

The above letter—and a very proper letter it is—was written by a teacher at the Holy Trinity Schools, Darwen, to the managers of the schools. The following is the reply to the letter:—

Holy Trinity Vicarage, Darwen, June 22nd, 1876.

Dear Miss Sandford.—Your note has been laid before the managers of our schools, and I am requested to say that the duties of your engagement must be performed in their fulness, both as regards *Sundays* and weekdays, and this, as a matter of course, refers to the morning as well as afternoon school.—I am, yours truly,

ROBERT MAYALL.

Then followed a lengthy correspondence, the whole of which is before us, the purport being that Miss Sandford sustained her objections to the terrible task of work set her, and that the managers didn't see it. Miss Sandford was finally requested to resign, upon which she wrote to the secretary of the Education Department, asking, "1st, whether school managers are justified in requesting a schoolmistress to send in her resignation as a teacher in the day-school because she declines to do more work in the Sunday-school than she has engaged to perform? and, 2nd, whether school managers, in contracting for Sunday-work without special payment, are not, in part, improperly employing funds (including the Government grant) for Sunday-school teaching, which should be devoted solely to day-school teaching?" The reply to this says that "My Lords have no authority to interfere with contracts between managers and teachers, or to take any recognition of arrangements as to employment on Sundays." Here the correspondence ends, and comment steps in. The issue raised is, to our mind, a very important one. It appears, firstly, that at Darwen, and, for aught we know, elsewhere, a schoolmistress is expected to do a good deal more work than a coal-heaver; and it appears also that the managers of Holy Trinity Schools are, for some reasons best known to themselves, misappropriating funds entrusted to them for educational purposes. Let this or that Department blink the question as it may, it is evident that the Government grant and other funds are not intended to cover Sunday-work. Sunday-work, to raise a quaint issue,

is illegal, and therefore a Government grant could not be held to apply to it at all. This apart, however, common-sense is on Miss Sandford's side, of whom it may be inferred that she is a clever teacher, for she has raised a very clever point. The demand on Miss Sandford was, as we have put it, that she should work harder than a coal-heaver. Coal-heavers have their Sunday rest, and, indeed, are forbidden to work on Sunday under legal penalties. Here, however, is a poor lady toiling hard with hand and brain all the week, and expected to continue her toil all through the Sabbath hours. The correspondence from which we have quoted is a disgrace to Darwen, to the managers of the schools, and to the Education Department.

JONES AND I.

[BY AN "OLD OFFENDER."]

JONES and myself were schoolmates once—
I was a genius, Jones was a dunce;
The several fates of myself and Jones
My muse recounts in sorrowful tones.

In earliest youth I was wont to be
Most excessively fond of tea;
Of this I swallowed many a skinful,
And looked upon stronger drinks as sinful.

But Jones, he didn't agree with me;
He pinned his faith on Soda and B.;
And while he imbibed this harmful lush,
He used to allude to tea as "slush."

He used to erect his feet on high,
And say to me, with a bantering eye,
"A devilled fowl, and Soda and B.,
Is better than tons of toast and tea!"

Now, according to all the moral tales,
Favouring winds should have filled my sails,
While Jones, who made such a baleful use
Of his swallowing powers, should have gone to the deuce.

But everything seemed to be upside-down,
For Jones was never in want of a "brown,"
While I, the moral and virtuous lad,
In my pockets seldom a stiver had.

So after many a bootless year,
Says I to myself, "Now, just look here,
This moral business'll never pay,
I'm going to strike for the opposite lay."

So I went and bought a bottle of whiskey,
And as soon as I felt sufficiently frisky
I went on a visit to Jones, my friend;
And when I came to my journey's end,

I knocked at the door, and went upstairs
In hopes to capture him unawares,
But when I arrived there, what should I see
But Jones indulging in *harmless tea*!

And while I stood in a sort of a trance,
Says he to me, with a bantering glance,
"A cup of excellent rare Bohea
Is worth an ocean of Soda and B."

And still I steadily went down hill,
While Jones, on the contrary, mounted still;
I began to think these moral tales
Were as far from truth as Greece from Wales.

Jones is now a worshipful "beak,"
And I am before him every week;
As a fact, it's awfully hard to bet on
The fluid that causes a fellow to "get on."

TALK ON 'CHANGE.

MUCH excitement, not unmixed with indignation, has been caused on 'Change within the last few weeks in consequence of the harsh and precipitate action taken by three or four important German firms in Manchester, in the wholesale dismissal of their clerks. One firm in one day docked off salaries amounting to £2000; another paid off a dozen employés, with salaries ranging from £600 a year to £80 or £100. The three or four firms which have been thus hasty in their action have had some hard things said of them, but it is questionable whether their callous sordidness is greater than their folly. The Manchester trade,

after passing through a sharp crisis induced by "divers causes fortuitously concurring," is apparently returning to a condition of greater steadiness; and though still dull, it is almost certain, with a settlement of affairs in the East—of which more sanguine hopes are now entertained since the feeling of the country is concentrating about the head of the Disraelitish Jonah—that Manchester trade is likely to undergo a considerable and permanent revival. Nothing can be more reassuring than the recuperative power shown by the market against the accumulated adverse pressure of the last few months.

The effect of Lord Beaconsfield's recent speech at the Guildhall was to cause an instant and entire collapse of speculative business. The market is now gradually recovering its buoyancy, because it is beginning to be felt that the Premier's speech of "rhodomontade and balderdash" had really nothing in it. But merchants speak with some bitterness of the hardship which is involved in the situation. By an hour's reckless vapouring, and vinous braggadocio, we seem one day to find ourselves balancing precariously on the brink of war, knowing not but that an hour may bring the fatal plunge. Is it not too bad, it is said, leaving out of sight the expense, the bloodshed, the wickedness of actual war, that the vain bravado of an after-dinner speech should thus needlessly send a shudder through a rising market, and paralyse the busy hand of industry in factory and mill? Tories are but as other merchants are, and it is felt that Lord Beaconsfield's mystery-mongering Philo-Turkish policy is an expensive one for the pocket.

A favourite diversion of the younger sparks on 'Change is to bait an individual Scotchman, or better still, if it can be got at, a Scotch firm. To this end an "owre true tale," which we remember to have heard before, has recently been put into circulation. This is the version now current. It got bruited abroad one day, in a large and long-established Scotch house, that every man in its employment, from the chief buyer down to the latest-joined clerk, was to be presented with a joint of meat for the due celebration of St. Andrew's Day, and that the joints would be of prime beef grown on the senior partner's Cheshire farm. When the morning fixed for the distribution came, it was found that the carcass of an old cow was exposed in a large press behind the counting-house, and that the chief cashier was prepared to deal out large cuts at a bawbee a pound below current retail prices.

The creator and "governor" of a large limited liability concern in Manchester is said to occupy the leisure moments he enjoys between signing cheques in cutting up gum tickets.

MEN ONE MEETS.

No. I.—THE POHOUSE POLITICIAN.

HANKS to the present state of affairs abroad this personage is now in full glory, and we therefore propose to place him first on our list. As a rule, he affects shy neighbourhoods not easily accessible to the general public. Haunts of his are known to us in the neighbourhood of Stockport Road and Plymouth Grove, and throughout the regions of Hulme. There are to be met with in this and other cities snug nests of pothouse politicians, who meet together night after night, and settle the affairs of the nation much to their own satisfaction and to the benefit of the landlord. Among these cosy coteries there is usually one ruling spirit, who sits in the chair of honour by prescriptive right, and sits upon all other politicians of the order by the mere weight of words oft repeated. This chieftain among the pothouse politicians is not necessarily the wisest, nor even the noisiest of the company, nor is he always the oldest, though age in these matters counts for a good deal. He is rather self-elected and confirmed in office, in consequence of a certain dogmatic way of putting things, and a self-conscious hinting at much internal knowledge, which might at any time be brought forth to do battle with the unwary, and to

squelch them for ever. The pothouse politician, if he is to make any mark at all, must be a diligent reader. It is not at all necessary for him to understand what he reads so that he has the art of transferring what he reads to the credit side of his own mental ledger. Let him only read enough, and utilise his reading properly, and his reputation is easily made. It is said that every man, whatever his vocation or habits, has his use in the scheme of creation. There is considerable truth in this remark, and the use of the pothouse politician is to ventilate public opinion and sweeten the air. The French laugh at us English because we are always talking about the weather, and they infer that our people have very little else to talk about; but the fact is that one shall hear more frivolous conversation in one day in a Parisian *café* than one shall hear in a week in an English public-house. Whenever public opinion breaks loose in France it means that ugly thing revolution. In England it means healthy enjoyment, backed up by gin and water and a cloud from many pipes. Whatever you may call him, the pothouse politician is at least not frivolous. Even though his understanding of his own arguments be misty, he takes a deep interest in propounding them. And more may be said than this—namely, that one might pick from pothouse parlours throughout the land as goodly an exhibition of common-sense and right judgment as could be picked from all philosophers' studies, pulpits, and editorial sanctums. It is the very rashness of the pothouse politician in tackling difficult subjects which constitutes one of his chief uses. If you do not aspire to become one of the fraternity yourself, you may smile at his shallowness, or be disgusted with his flippancy and dogmatism. When he gets out of his element, and begins to range all the nations of Europe in alliances on this side and that, you very probably find him a bore, or very likely set him down an ass because he does not take the view which you yourself would take, if you took any. But, after all, however shallow he may be, however dogmatic, however illogical, he is a useful member of society. You may call him conceited, if you please. Well, conceit is one of the most useful faculties which nature has conferred upon humanity. Conceit is more often the cradle of great things than people would be apt to imagine.

COOKE'S CIRCUS.

WITH sharp-shooting on the Bridge Street stage, and a music-hall performance going on at the Prince's opera-house, a stranger to Manchester and its ways might have been excused last week for classing Cooke's Circus, which lies half way between the two houses, as a theatre. It is, at all events, under the new and spirited management, a very commodious and pleasant place of entertainment. The interior of the building has been remodeled and redecorated, and the arrangements for the accommodation of visitors of all classes are successfully planned and carried out. It requires, indeed, the smell of sawdust to remind one that the place is not a theatre slightly transmogrified, as is done nowadays by managers without compunction for the purpose of giving an exhibition. We are glad to notice that no smoking is allowed—an edict which puts a stop to a practice which is usually an inevitable nuisance in houses of this class. With regard to the performance, *per se*, it is of an excellent character, and nightly varied. It is refreshing to notice that as yet none of those dangerous, though exciting, trapeze and other performances which are usually introduced have been given, and we are sure that the Messrs. Cooke will lose nothing by taking this hint. At present, the entertainment is one to which ladies, children, and young people generally may be taken without hesitation; and the amusement afforded, as well as the civility shown by the attendants, and the comfortable arrangements, will amply repay such visits. It would not come within our compass to give any detailed criticisms or information. We have said sufficient to indicate our opinion of an entertainment which is clever, versatile, and attractive; and the names of the Messrs. Cooke, so long and favourably known in this connection, must be guarantees for the rest.

JOHN AND JACOB.

[BY HAL-O'-THE-WYND.]

FROM the beginning there have been contentions among brethren, all to the eye of the beholder more or less unseemly. To-day it is Mr. Jacob Bright who postures before us as a political fratricide. On Wednesday afternoon he slew his brother John, not in a brief spasm of reckless rage—without a suspicion of “emotional” insanity—but in cold blood, and with set purpose. After months of deliberation, on a spot carefully chosen beforehand, in the eye of the public, and so to say under the seal of the chief dignitary of the city, he calmly performed the unnatural sacrifice. The deed was heroic, if you like. The hand which wielded the steel was impelled by a Fate as inexorable as any that rules Greek tragedy, and the murder was done with a sternness and solemnity worthy of Jephthah or Agamemnon. Hear you the story of two brothers! One, the elder, if he had done nothing else, will hold a conspicuous place in English history as the advocate of enfranchisement. The name of John Bright and the cause of Parliamentary Reform are synonymous. He succeeded, and the people vote by household suffrage, restricted by manhood. The younger, taking up the task where the other left off, seeks the enfranchisement of women, and so far as the municipal vote is concerned, obtains it. He is now the champion of the Parliamentary suffrage for women, and he is met in the breach by his elder brother, who hurls back from the assault the advancing hosts which Jacob leads. A personal encounter between the brothers is avoided at the time. But now, months after the event, Jacob calmly, dispassionately, on a spot chosen beforehand, without tears or violence, slays his brother. John falls, punctured with as many wounds as Cesar—run through and through—slain thrice and again.

Of Mr. Jacob Bright's workmanship we make no complaint. His position is inevitable. As a champion he must fight, and if he may, overcome and slay all foes, be they even those of his own household. He performs his duty without flinching. His cuts are clean and dexterous, dealt by an unfaltering and remorseless hand. He never wavers, haggles, or bungles. Every blow is vital.

Yet is it not a pity that a man should thus lift his hand against his brother? The Women's Suffrage Society is not a Vehmegericht that a member should be appointed by election or by ballot to point the dagger against his dearest. Might not another gladiator have entered the arena? This political fratricide was a grim tragedy. No gleam of humour relieved its terrible seriousness.

If our political aspirations are to be pursued in this stern way, public life threatens to become as awful as a nightmare. Must every man who differs with us in opinion be coldly butchered like a sacrificial victim? There is something revolting in the relentless fury with which women suffragans pursue a luckless opponent whom they have logically cornered. Just now they are seeking to ruin Mr. E. A. Leatham, who is “nagged at” continuously. By this one-eyed persistency the advocates of a good and irresistible measure are not benefiting their cause. Liberals will not throw over veteran reformers who have led their battle in more difficult days than these, because they do not see eye to eye with them upon every point. We do not seek to undervalue the importance of women suffrage. Logically, we believe the claim of women householders to share in a ratepaying franchise is irresistible. Practically, we do not doubt that they suffer disadvantage by their exclusion. Our national Government, we are convinced, would in the end be benefited by the aid of their influence exerted through direct representation. But when we are asked to sneer with women at Mr. John Bright as “a professedly Liberal statesman,” we decline. We shall not revile or reproach “the most powerful living advocate of free and representative government for men,” because we think him logically inconsistent in “contending against the application of the same principle to women.” It is easy on this subject to launch

epigrams at Mr. Bright—and we leave women to do it. They come well from the pen which taunts Mr. Bright as “a professedly Liberal statesman,” and indites a paean (or perhaps it ought to be described as an elegiac, it so resembles the style of the “necrological contributor”) on Mr. Disraeli elevated to the peerage as a consistent advocate of “the cause of just and constitutional representation.”

Mr. Jacob Bright performed a difficult, and, perhaps, a painful task on Wednesday in dissecting, as he did, with consummate ability and close-ness, the speech made by his brother against the second reading of the Women's Disabilities Bill. Mr. John Bright's position was no less painful when, after much hesitation, he felt himself bound to stand up in the face of many who were dear to him to say that he could not accept the conclusions to which he seemed logically driven. There are decisions a man makes in his lifetime in birth pangs of mental agony, and his manful declaration of them is more important to the political morality of the nation than the hundred flippant commonplaces of an irresponsible intriguer like Mr. Disraeli.

Again we put to the ladies the pertinent question addressed to them by the able Parliamentary correspondent of the *Examiner and Times* in closing his description of the debate on April 26th:—“I cannot help asking the ladies what they think of the silent support which on this, as on every occasion since he has been in office, they received from their once enthusiastic advocate, Mr. Disraeli. It is a significant fact that this afternoon not one minister was found to say a word in favour of a cause which once had power to convulse with tender and chivalrous enthusiasm the huge frame of Mr. Ward Hunt.” Is their fulsome laudation of Mr. Disraeli in the ninth annual report of the Executive to be taken as an answer?

We cannot suppose that the cause which Mr. Jacob Bright has so keenly at heart, and which he advocates with so much ability and steadfastness, will permanently suffer by the speech which threw over it so great discouragement in April last. But the leaders of the movement in Manchester, at least, would do well to consider whether the bitterness with which they are now pursuing their cause is not doing serious harm. They might take warning from the meeting of Wednesday. Though large, it was not politically influential, and the “extinct volcanoes” who followed Mr. Bright as speakers have for the most part lost the public ear. The conspicuous absence of the political leaders on the occasion is not without significance. The political coquette seems in danger of becoming a wallflower.

TO OUR READERS.

Many complaints having reached us, from the suburbs of Manchester and Salford, that the CITY JACKDAW cannot be obtained early on Friday, we beg to say that copies of the paper will be posted to any address, on THURSDAY EVENINGS, on the following prepaid terms:—Quarterly, 1s. 8d.; Half-yearly, 3s. 8d.; Yearly, 6s. 6d. BACK NUMBERS can be had from the Wholesale Agents.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Articles intended for insertion must be addressed to the Editor of the *City Jackdaw*, Market Street Chambers, Manchester, and must bear the name and address of the sender. We cannot be responsible for the preservation or return of MSS. sent to us.

J. C. H.—“Your literary offspring,” as you are pleased to call it, does not promise great things. We do not want any more from the same litter.

Moderation.—Botheration!

A Jewish Abolisher.—So much the better; you thus escape inhebrawation.

The Badge of Merit.—We are badgered enough as it is.

Inquirer.—20,426,968,700ft. 14in. You needn't believe this unless you like.

F. M.—We were glad to receive your contribution; people have left off sending stamps lately.

Rhymes on a Fine Day.—If fine weather has such an effect on you, it is awful to contemplate the possible consequence of a change in the weather.

Where are we now? J. W.—In the waste-paper basket at present.

A Tabular Statement.—It is now sub-tabular.

A Pen and Ink Sketch.—Which we are not ink-lined to insert.

THE CITY JACKDAW.

4.

FIRESIDE COLUMN.

ANSWER TO DOUBLE ACROSTIC (No. 3).

1. D B O P
2. I B E
3. P A S T
4. L A N E
5. O D O U R
6. M A S S
7. A B A B
8. T U U
9. I S E R
10. S P R I G
11. T R U T H

NOTE.—(8) *Et tu Brute.*

ANSWER TO ADDITIONAL ACROSTIC.—King Cole. (1) Keltic; (2) Iago; (3) Nightfall; (4) Gaze.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC (No. 4).

THEY'RE a modern institution,
Doubtful in their execution;
Some admire them,
Some decry them,
Some desire them,
Some would try them,
Some have from the first decried them,
Some persistently deride them;
They are good, or the contrary,
Just as men's opinions vary;
But we would be understood
Just to hint, their object's good.

I.
Name unmelodious,
For creature odious.

II.
Sisters three
Be kind to me.

III.
Commonest of exclamations;
Needs no further explanations.

IV.
Nature never meant, 'tis clear,
Them to be so very dear.

V.
You may try, if you like, to divide me by two,
But you'll never be able whatever you do.

VI.
"Her prentice han'
She tried on man,
And then she made the lasses, oh!"

ADDITIONAL DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

WHETHER fish, flesh, or fowl, I'll leave you to guess,
But I've served in all ages the palate to bless;
And I still am accounted a delicate dish,
Though all will admit I'm a very odd fish.

I.
I'm considered very wealthy,
Though men may say I'm far from healthy.

II.
The huntsman armed with bow and quiver,
Steals along a flowing river.

III.
I'm only a name,
Yet in all ages
I serve as the game
Of soldiers and sages.

IV.
On every sea you're sure to meet me,
And every flag is sure to greet me.

Correct solutions of double acrostic No. 3, from Ivy, Nogo, W. B., Fortune. Acknowledged, with thanks: M., G. B., Hopper.

N.B.—Communications must in all cases be addressed to the Acrostic Editor, at our office, and should be posted or sent not later than Tuesday night.

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HENRY S. KING & CO., London, 1876.

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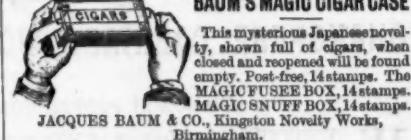
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